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IN THE

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At p. 8, *verses* 8 *and* 9, *for* "*amplius haud*" *read* "*haud iterum.*

p. 13, *verse* 3, *for* "*Saxonem cæde cruentum*" *read* "*maculatum cæde Britannum.*"

p. 18, *verse* 4, *dele* "*ut*;" *verse* 5, *for* "*terra maneret*" *read* "*hanc fore terram.*"

verse 6, *for* "*intacta*" *read* "*intactam.*"

N. L. T.

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LEAMINGTON:

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CANTUS HIBERNICI.

PARS SECUNDA.

I.

ILL OMENS.

When daylight was yet sleeping under the billow,
And stars in the heavens still lingering shone;
Young Kitty, all blushing, rose up from her pillow,
The last time she e'er was to press it alone,
For the youth whom she treasur'd her heart and her soul in,
Had promis'd to link the last tie before noon;
And when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,
The maiden herself will steal after it soon.

I.

OMINA INFAUSTA.

Vix caput Eois tollebat Phœbus ab undis,
Inque polo radios astra morata dabant;
Quum rubicunda suum liquit Catarina cubile,
Non pressura iterum sola puella torum:
Nam juvenis, quem carum habuit magis omnibus unum,
Hac sibi promisit jungere luce fide;
Et quum corda semel fuerint subducta puellæ,
Se parat extemplo capta puella sequi.

CANTUS HIBERNICI.

PARS SECUNDA.

That, spite of her haste, she must gather
it too:
But, while o'er the roses too carelessly leaning,
Her zone flew in two, and the heart's ease
was lost;
"Ah! this means," said the girl, (and she
sigh'd at its meaning,)
"That love is scarce worth the repose it
will cost."

Accurrit, quamvis non sinit hora moras.
Dumque instat pictis handquaquam cauta rosetis,
Labuntur violæ, non retinente sinu:
"Eheu!" rursus ait, gemitumque ex omine ducit,
"Otia vix concors lapsa rependet amor.

II.

WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE FLOWERET.

He. What the bee is to the floweret,
When he looks for honey-dew,
Through the leaves that close embower it,
That, my love, I'll be to you.

She. What the bank, with verdure glowing,
Is to waves that wander near,
Whispering kisses, while they're going,
That I'll be to you, my dear.

He. But, they say, the bee's a rover,
Who will fly when sweets are gone;
And, when once the kiss is over,
Faithless brooks will wander on.

II.

CANDIDUS ET LYDIA.

Cand. Qualis floribus est apis,
Ex illis quoties mel liquidum petit,
Perscrutans folia omnia,
Prorsus talis ego, Lydia, ero tibi.

Lyd. Qualis, graminibus nitens,
Ripa est contiguis humida fluctibus,
Cedens oscula euntibus,
Prorsus talis ego, Candide, ero tibi.

Lyd. Ast, aiunt, vagula est apis,
Et, nectar simul ac carpserit, avolat;
Et, dum surripit osculum,
Fluctus se accelerans perfidus aufugit.

He. Nay, if flowers will lose their looks,
If sunny banks will wear away,
'Tis but right that bees and brooks
Should sip and kiss them, while
they may.

Cand. Sed, si flos fragilis cadit,
Si ripa atteritur tempore torrido,
Tam fluctus et apes decet,
Dum fas est, rapere et nectar et oscula.

J. S. W.

II

Yet in our hearts, thy spirit long
Awaked by music's spell, shall rise;
For music so link'd with deathless song
Partaken its charm and never dies:
And e'en within the holy fane,
When music wafts the soul to heaven,
One thought to him, whose earliest strain
Was echoed there, shall long be given.

III.

SILENCE IS IN OUR FESTAL HALLS.

Festis in aulis triste silentium!
Amice musis! munus abit tuum;
Frustraque te poscunt Hiberni
Carmina, vox reticet poetæ.
Sic nocte cessant Æoliæ fides,
Quum se coruscans proripuit dies;
Quum dulcis expiravit aura,
Mane sonos modulata chordis.

Ast umbra, quando sæpe vacabimus
Mensis, redibit voce canentium;
Nam fama miscetur poetæ
Carminibus moritura nunquam.
Necnon in ipsis Numinis ædibus,
Quum cor in altum musica sustulit,
Qui primus hic cantum peregit
Mentibus hic aderit suorum.

But where is now the cheerful day,
The social night, when, by thy side,
He who now weaves this parting lay
His skilless voice with thine allied;
And sung those songs, whose every tone,
When bard and minstrel long have past,
Shall still, in sweetness all their own,
Embalm'd by fame, undying last.

Yes, Erin, thine alone the fame,—
Or, if thy bard have shared the crown,
From thee the borrow'd glory came,
And at thy feet is now laid down.
Enough, if Freedom still inspire
His latest song, and still there be,
As evening closes round his lyre,
One ray upon its chords from thee.

Fugêre sed quo nunc hilares dies,
Noctesque lætæ, quum lateri tuo
Heu! nuper adjunctus ciebam
Voce modos minime perita?
Quum nuper ista effundere cantica
Juvabat ambos, queis proprium melos,
Utroque jamdudum perempto,
Dulce feret sine fine laudem.

Debetur omnis quin tibi dignitas,
Vel si poetæ pars sit, Hibernia!
Devenit à te mutuata,
Dum tibi nunc iterum refertur.
Sed quum reponet vespere barbiton,
Sat, crede! si mox verba novissima
Dilecta libertas movebit,
Tuque dabis fidibus nitorem.

IV.

"SAIL ON, SAIL ON, THOU FEARLESS BARK."

Sail on, sail on, thou fearless bark—
Wherever blows the welcome wind,
It cannot lead to scenes more dark,
More sad than those we leave behind.
Each wave that passes seems to say,
"Though death beneath our smile may be,
"Less cold we are, less false than they,
"Whose smiling wreck'd thy hopes and thee."

Sail on, sail on,—through endless space—
Through calm,—through tempest,—stop no more;
The stormiest sea's a resting-place
To him who leaves such hearts on shore.

IV.

"SAIL ON, SAIL ON, THOU FEARLESS BARK."

Tende viam velis audax per cærula puppis!
In quemcunque ferat gratior aura locum:
Nulla potest tenebris horrescere densior ora,
Nulla relinquendis tristior ora plagis.
Dicere cuncta quidem præcurrens unda videtur,
"Etsi mors nostris incubet ipsa vadis,
"Non sic decipimus, non sic frigemus, ut illi,
"Qui medio in risu spem rapuêre tuam."

Tende viam velis immensa per æquora, cursum
Ne mare tranquillum neve retardet hiems.
Qui fugit excordes inviso littore cætus,
Illi est in tumido gurgite parta quies.

Or—if some desert land we meet,
Where never yet false-hearted men
Profaned a world that else were sweet,—
Then rest thee, bark, but not till then.

Vel si vertamus deserta ad littora clavum,
Hactenus infidis non habitata viris,
Fraus ubi nequaquam dulcem fædaverit orbem,
Siste viam, sed ne siste, carina, prius.

V.

"BY THAT LAKE WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE."[a]

By that lake, whose gloomy shore
Sky-lark never warbles o'er,[b]
Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
Young St. Kevin stole to sleep.
"Here, at least," he calmly said,
"Woman ne'er shall find my bed."
Ah! the good Saint little knew
What that wily sex can do.

'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew,—
Eyes of most unholy blue:
She had loved him well and long,
Wish'd him hers, nor thought it wrong.

V.

BY THAT LAKE, WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE.

Ad lacum, cujus tenebris opacum
Littus haud unquam celebrant alaudæ,
Rupe Kevinus dederat sub alta
Membra quieti.
"Hic," ait secum meditans, "adibit
"Nulla jam nostrum mulier cubile,"
Sed quid effecit minime sciebat
Fæmina fallax.

Te persequentem, Catalena, fugit,
Cærulos horrens nimis heu! ocellos;
Tu, nihil culpæ reputans, amabas
Sæpe diuque.

Wheresoe'er the Saint would fly,
Still he heard her light foot nigh;
East or west, where'er he turn'd,
Still her eyes before him burn'd.

On the bold cliff's bosom cast,
Tranquil now he sleeps at last;
Dreams of heaven, nor thinks that e'er
Woman's smile can haunt him there.
But nor heaven nor earth is free
From her power, if fond she be:
Even now, while calm he sleeps,
Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

Fearless she had track'd his feet
To this rocky wild retreat;
And, when morning met his view,
Her mild glances met it too.

Vir sacer fugit varias in oras,
Pone sed gressus teneros puellæ
Audiit, semper fugiens timendos
Vidit ocellos.

Rupe sub celsa recubans beatus
Pace jam tandem fruitur, nec illic
Fæminæ risus metuit quietum
Rumpere somnum.
Sed quis in terris locus, aut in alto
Fæminas terret, modo sint amantes?
Mæsta Kevino Catalena somnis
Astat in ipsis.

Passibus virgo institerat, nec illam
Saxeus longum latuit recessus;
Luce sub prima aspicitur decoræ
Forma puellæ.

Ah! your Saints have cruel hearts;
Sternly from his bed he starts;
And, with rude repulsive shock,
Hurls her from the beetling rock.

Glendalough! thy gloomy wave
Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave.
Soon the Saint (yet ah! too late,)
Felt her love, and mourn'd her fate.
When he said "Heaven rest her soul!"
Round the lake light music stole;
And her ghost was seen to glide,
Smiling, o'er the fatal tide.

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a This ballad is founded upon one of the many stories related of St. Kevin, whose bed in the rock is to be seen at Glendalough, a most gloomy and romantic spot in the County of Wicklow.

b There are many other curious traditions concerning this Lake, which may be found in Giraldus, Colgan, &c.

O sacerdotes animo feroces!
Sanctus e lecto properat, manuque
Virginem dura rapiens ab alto
Vertice trudit.

Glendalæ mox tu piceis sub undis
Occidis, dulcis Catalena! Sanctus
Ille mox sero revocans amorem
Funera luget.
Utque "Sis" clamat "moriens beata!"
Leniter surgit melos, et per æstus
Acta funestos geniale ridens
Labitur umbra.

VI.

"OH! THE SIGHT ENTRANCING."

Oh! the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files array'd
With helm and blade,
And plumes in the gay wind dancing!
When hearts are all high beating,
And the trumpet's voice repeating
That song whose breath
May lead to death,
But never to retreating.

Yet 'tis not helm or feather—
For ask yon despot, whether
His plumed bands
Could bring such hands
And hearts as ours together.

VI.

"OH THE SIGHT ENTRANCING."

Agente primas sole per cælum rotas
Quam festa sunt spectacula!
Quum luce tela cassidesque fulgurant,
Plumasque venti commovent:
Quum corda pulsat ardor, et quum concinunt
Ferale signum buccinæ,
Ducens in aulam mortis heroas, pedem
Referre non unquam vocans.

At cassis haud comansve pluma contrahit
Heroas ad certamina:
Tyrannus iste posset has fortissimas
In bella turmas cogere?

Leave pomps to those who need 'em—
Give man but heart and freedom,
And proud he braves
The gaudiest slaves,
That crawl where monarchs lead 'em.
The sword may pierce the beaver,
Stone walls in time may sever,
'Tis mind alone,
Worth steel and stone,
That keeps man free for ever:
Oh! that sight entrancing,
When the morning's beam is glancing
O'er files array'd
With helm and blade,
And in freedom's cause advancing!

Concede pompam tale queis placet decus!
Sit sola libertas viris
Pectusque forte, nec timebunt splendido
Servile vestitu pecus,
Vexilla nutu nil reluctans insequi
Quocunque reges imperant.
Pervadet ensis cassidem; moles ruet
Saxosa tandem; liberos
Mens sola, saxis firmior vel ensibus,
Servabit æternum viros.
O plena certe gaudii spectacula!
Quum solis exortum jubar
Illustrat arma copiarum ferrea,
Quas ipsa libertas agit.

VII.

"I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME."

I saw thy form in youthful prime,
Nor thought that pale decay
Would steal before the steps of time,
And waste its bloom away, Mary!
Yet still thy features wore that light,
Which fleets not with the breath;
And life ne'er look'd more truly bright
Than in thy smile of death, Mary!

As streams that run o'er golden mines,
Yet humbly, calmly glide,
Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
Within their gentle tide, Mary!

VII.

"I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME."

Fas mihi flore tuam juvenili cernere formam,
Quum minime roseo fugerat ore color;
Nec metui ante diem morbo languescere membra,
Et formæ citius molle perire decus.
Attamen in vultu lumen resplenduit istud,
Quod superest, quando spiritus ipse fugit;
Nec tibi carpenti vitales suavior auras
Risus, quam nigro limine mortis, erat.

Ut super auriferos labentia flumina campos,
Lenibus et placidis sæpe feruntur aquis,
Nescia fulgentis radianti luce metalli,
Cujus congeritur copia subter humum;

So, veil'd beneath the simplest guise,
Thy radiant genius shone,
And that, which charm'd all other eyes,
Seem'd worthless in thine own, Mary!

If souls could always dwell above,
Thou ne'er had'st left that sphere;
Or could we keep the souls we love,
We ne'er had lost thee here, Mary!
Though many a gifted mind we meet,
Though fairest forms we see;
To live with them is far less sweet,
Than to remember thee, Mary!

Sic tu munditiis simplex, et more modesto,
Præstabas culti viribus ingenii:
Et dotes, oculos aliorum accendere suetæ,
Laudis erant inopes, cara Maria, tuis!

In cælo sedes animæ si semper haberent,
Non tu liquisses limina cælicolum;
Vel si fas nobis caras retinere sorores,
Tu non ex oculis demta, Maria, fores!
Plurima dum nobis se mens ferat obvia, quamvis
Plurima se jactet forma nitore suo;
Cum sociis tamen his multos versarier annos,
Heu! quanto minus est quam meminisse tui!

VIII.

"AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF THE WATERS."

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
So the cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow, that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,

VIII.

"AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF THE WATERS."

Ut summum radiis ardeat, intimum
Dum flumen mediis in tenebris ruat,
Sic risu gena fit fervida, dum gravis
Luctus cor gelidum torqueat interim.

Unum sub memori mente reconditum
Vulnus discruciat, gaudia contegens
Mæroresque simul nube, nec atrius

To which life nothing darker or brighter
can bring,
For which joy has no balm and affliction
no sting.

Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment
will stay,
Like a dead leafless branch in the summer's
bright ray:
The beams of the warm sun play round it
in vain,
It may smile in his light, but it blooms
not again.

Quicquid, nec melius, vita potest dare,
Cui sint lætitiæ nulla levamina,
Et quod non alius commoveat dolor.

Hoc hoc in mediis illecebris adest,
Æstivo veluti tempore frondibus
Arbor depositis; undique lucidos
Sol spargit radios, lumine sol fovet,
Sed non ulterius luxuriant comæ.

IX.

"FORGET NOT THE FIELD WHERE THEY PERISH'D."

Forget not the field where they perish'd,
The truest, the last, of the brave;
All gone—and the bright hope we cherish'd
Gone with them, and quench'd in their grave.

Oh! could we from death but recover
Those hearts as they bounded before,
In the face of high heaven to fight over
That combat for freedom once more;—

Could the chain for an instant be riven,
Which tyranny flung round us then,
No! 'tis not in man, nor in Heaven,
To let Tyranny bind it again.

IX.

"FORGET NOT THE FIELD WHERE THEY PERISH'D."

Este loci memores quo bellatoribus ullis
Fortior interiit marte suprema manus:
Concidit omnino;—necnon spes omnis ademta
Heroum in tumulis nostra sepulta jacet.

O! si primævo præstantes robore campis
Detur ab Elysiis tot revocare viros,
Ut semel accensi pro libertate suorum
Rursus in aspectu prælia nota gerant,

Si modo paulisper, quæ vincula dura tyranni
Nexuerat quondam dextera, rupta forent,
Non iterum consensu hominum Superumve tyrannus
Nectere servitii vincula posset atrox.

But 'tis past;—and though blazon'd in story
The name of our victor may be,
Accurst is the march of that glory
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illumed by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all who have risen
On Liberty's ruins to fame!

Tempora prætereunt;—sed quamvis Fama superbum
Victoris nostri nomen in astra ferat,
Illius execrandus erit per sæcla triumphus,
Qui premit infenso libera colla jugo.

Carior est tumulus, vel clausi carceris antrum,
Unius ob famam nobile luce sua,
Quam victi monimenta hostis, turpesque triumphi,
Et Libertatis funere partus honos.

X.

EVELEEN'S BOWER.

Oh! weep for the hour,
When to Eveleen's bower
The Lord of the Valley with false vows came;
The moon hid her light
From the heavens that night,
And wept behind the clouds o'er the maiden's shame.

The clouds pass'd soon
From the chaste cold moon,
And heaven smiled again with her vestal flame;
But none will see the day,
When the clouds shall pass away,
Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

X.

EVELEEN'S BOWER.

O lugete horam, Dominus qua Vallis adibat
Ad thalamum fallax Evelenæ;
Nocte illa vultum luna inter nubila texit,
Amissum lachrymata pudorem.

E vultu castæ fugerunt nubila lunæ,
Puro et risit lumine cælum;
Alma dies mæstas removebit nulla tenebras,
Queis pressit nox illa Evelenam.

The white snow lay
On the narrow path-way,
When the Lord of the Valley pass'd over the moor;
And many a deep print
On the white snow's tint
Show'd the track of his footstep to Eveleen's door.

The next sun's ray
Soon melted away
Every trace on the path where the false Lord came;
But there's a light above,
Which alone can remove
The stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

Transiit ut Vallis Dominus per pascua, in arcta
Sparsa via nix alba jacebat;
Quaque adiit portas Evelenæ, nix ibi multa
Signa pedum manifesta ferebat.

Hæc sol signa pedum, qua venit perfidus iste,
Delevit prima omnia luce;
A nive sed maculas Evelenæ virginea lux
Heu! tantum divina fugabit.

J. S. W.

XI.

"THERE ARE SOUNDS OF MIRTH."

There are sounds of mirth in the night-air ringing,
And lamps from every casement shown;
While voices blithe within are singing,
That seem to say "come!" in every tone.
Ah! once how light, in love's young season,
My heart had leap'd at that sweet lay;
Nor paused to ask of grey-beard Reason
Should I the siren call obey.

And, see! the lamps still livelier glitter,
The siren lips more fondly sound;
No—seek, ye nymphs! some victim fitter
To sink in your rosy bondage bound.

XI.

"THERE ARE SOUNDS OF MIRTH."

Murmura lætitiæ permulcent aera noctu,
Ostendit nitidas quæque fenestra faces.
Dulcisonæ cantus exercent undique voces,
Plurimaque auditur dicere lingua, veni!
Ah! quoties olim nostra exultare solebant
Corda sono tali, dum nova vita fuit;
Nec dederat monitum canens prudentia cautum,
Quin ego Sirenum dulcia jussa sequar.

Aspice! majori fulgent nunc luce fenestræ,
Linguarumque datur suavior inde sonus.
Attamen, O Nymphæ! tenerarum vincla rosarum
Nectite vos aliis quos leviora decent.

Shall a bard, whom not the world in arms
  Could bend to tyranny's rude control,
Thus quail at sight of woman's charms,
  And yield to a smile his free-born soul?

Thus sung the sage, while, slyly stealing,
  The nymphs their fetters around him cast;
And,—their laughing eyes the while
      concealing,—
  Led freedom's bard their slave at last.
For the poet's heart, still prone to loving,
  Was like that rock of the Druid race,
Which the gentlest touch at once set moving,
  But all earth's power could'nt cast from its
      base.

Illene, qui duri sprevit mandata tyranni,
Dum belli toto sæviit orbe fragor,
Illene blanditiis dederit muliebribus aures,
Et sua fæmineo libera colla choro ?

Sic cecinit Sapiens : at furtim cingitur astu ;
Nympharumque tenent florea vincla manus.
Ridentes latuere oculi : tuus, O Dea ! vates,
Libertas ! tandem dat sua colla jugo :
Illius haud adeo est oblitum pectus amandi ;
At, sicut Druidum religiosa silex,
Sæpe levi tactu moles onerosa movetur,
Quam non prosternent agmina densa virum.

XII.

"AS VANQUISH'D ERIN."

As vanquish'd Erin wept beside
The Boyne's ill-fated river,
She saw, where Discord in the tide
Had dropp'd his loaded quiver.
"Lie hid," she cried, "ye venom'd darts,
"Where mortal eye may shun you;
"Lie hid—the stain of manly hearts
"That bled for me is on you."

But vain her wish, her weeping vain,—
As time too well hath taught her—
Each year the fiend returns again,
And dives into that water.

XII.

WHEN VANQUISH'D ERIN.

Ut victa nuper flevit Hibernia,
Qua Boyna tristi flumine labitur,
Viditque qua plenam sub æstus
Seditio posuit pharetram;
"Latete!" dixit, "tela nocentia,
Visenda nunquam rursus ab incolis,
Latete! vos sanguis virorum
Pro patria maculat cadentum."

Effudit, eheu! cum lachrymis preces,
Frustra—revolvens sic docuit dies:
Monstrumque se tristes quotannis
Proripit has redeuns in undas.

And brings, triumphant, from beneath,
His shafts of desolation;
And sends them, wing'd with worse than death,
Through all her maddening nation.

Alas! for her who sits and mourns,
E'en now, beside that river—
Unwearied still the fiend returns,
And stored is still his quiver.
"When will this end, ye Powers of Good?"
She weeping asks for ever;
But only hears, from out that flood,
The Demon answer, "Never"!

Exinde gaudens exitiabiles
Tollit sagittas; et furias parans
Funestiores mortis ictu,
Per miseram jubet ire gentem.

Heu assidentem cum lachrymis adhuc
Illius undis amnis Hiberniam!
Immane, cum plena pharetra,
Gaudet iter renovare monstrum.
"Quousque tandem fine carebimus?"
Ah! semper inquit, "Numina vos Boni!"
At semper "Haud ullo" reclamat
"Tempore" vox odiosa monstri.

XIII.

GO! WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

Go where Glory waits thee,
But while Fame elates thee,
Oh! still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh! then remember me!
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys, that bless thee,
Sweeter far may be;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Oh! then remember me!

XIII.

GO! WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

I quo te ridens expectat Gloria, sed te
Dum Fama in altum subvehit,
Sis memor usque mei!
Dumque triumphales, queis mox celebrabere, laudes
Sunt auribus gratæ tuis,
Sis memor usque mei!
Amplexu foveare alio licet, inter amicos
Sis cariores, gaudia
Te meliora vocent,
O! sed amica cohors lateri dum proxima restat,
Dum gaudia adsunt optima,
Sis memor usque mei!

When, at eve, thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
Oh! then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning,
Oh! thus remember me.
Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its lingering roses,
Once so loved by thee,
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them,
Oh! then remember me.

When, around thee dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
Oh! then remember me.
And, at night, when gazing

Vespere dum campos peragrans radiante sub
astro,
Quod semper est cordi tibi,
Me teneas animo!
Inque domum redeuns ah! ne obliviscere
nos hoc
Vidisse in alto fulgidum,
Meque memento, precor!
Æstate et sera, placido dum lumine lustras
Adhuc rubescentes rosas,
Quas et amare soles,
Quæ tibi nexuerit quondam reminiscere,
quæque
Rosas te amare fecerit,
Meque memento simul!

Autumnique die, dum quaque sub arbore
circum
Frondes caducæ nunc jacent,
Sis memor usque mei!
Et nocte hiberna, ardentis dum pondere ligni

On the gay hearth blazing,
Oh! still remember me.
Then should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee;
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee,—
Oh! then remember me.

Focum repletum conspicis,
Sis memor usque mei!
Et si quando, animum rapientia, carmina fundant
In pectus impressum melos,
Et moveant lachrymas,
Tum tibi quæ quondam modulari voce solebam
Menti recurrant: sic et O!
Sis memor usque mei!

J. S. W.

XIV.

"REMEMBER THEE? YES."

Remember thee? yes, while there's life in this heart,
It shall never forget thee, all lone as thou art;
More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom, and thy showers,
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,

XIV.

"REMEMBER THEE? YES."

Mene juvat meminisse tui?—dum vita manebit,
Etsi tristis, eris semper amanda mihi:
Carior in tenebris medioque tenebere luctu,
Quam meliore suo cætera regna die.

Sis modo quidque velim, præstanti libera fama,
Primus flos terræ, primaque gemma maris,

I might hail thee with prouder, with happier
brow,
But oh! could I love thee more deeply
than now?

No—thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as
it runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy
sons;
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-
bird's nest,
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from
thy breast.

Te magis elatus forsan salvere juberem,
At mihi non ideo purior esset amor.

Heu! magis acceptam per tot discrimina natis
Vincula te faciunt, fusus et iste cruor;
Sanguineoque tuo de pectore flumen amoris
Concipiunt, proles ut pelicana solet.

XV.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Oh! the days are gone, when Beauty bright
My heart's chain wove;
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
Was love, still love.
New hope may bloom,
And days may come
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream:
No, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.

XV.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Παλαὶ ἔμοιγ', ἐπεὶ Κάλλος ἀγλαὸν
ἔπλεκε δεσμὰ φρενῶν,
ὅτε πανῆμαρ ἦν ὕπαρ ἐμοὶ βίου
μόνον Ἔρως, ἔτ' Ἔρως.
μεθ' ἡμερῶν ἰουσῶν
τὰ καινὰ πόλλ' ἂν ἔλθοι,
κ'αλπὶς ἂν βρύοι μαλθακωτέρου
μετὰ φάους καθαρᾶ,
γλυκὺ δὲ πάμπαν οὐκ οὐδὲν ἔσται, ὡς
νέου Ἔρωτος ὕπαρ.

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past;
Though he win the wise, who frown'd before,
To smile at last;
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet,
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And, at every close, she blush'd to hear
The one loved name.

No—that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot,
Which first love traced;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste:
'Twas odour fled
As soon as shed;

Ἔτεσι μὲν δαμεὶς, κλέος ἀοιδὸς ὧδε γ'
ἑλοι ἂν ἀγνότερον,
τῶν τε πανσόφων, τῶν ποθ' οἱ σκυθρῶν,
ἀγανὸν ὄμμ' αν εχοι·
μεσημβρία δὲ τιμῆς
φρεν' οἱ χαραῖς πτοήσει
οὐχ ὁσαις ποθ' ᾗ πρωτο φιλτάτῃ
γόον ἔμελπε πόθον,
ἡ δ' ἄρ', εκ στίχων ἓν φίλον κλύουσ'
ὄνομ', ἐπηρυθρία.

Ἱερὸν εἶδος, ἐν κῆρι πρωτόγλυπ-
τον, ἐνέρυ μόνιμον·
κῆν τι χλωρὸν ᾗ που κατ' αὐαλεα
πεδία Μνημοσύνης,
ἐκεῖ φίλως θαμίζει.

'Twas morning's winged dream;
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream;
Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream.

ἀλλ', ὥστε θυμίαμα
κεχυμένον, πέφευγ', ὥστε τ' ὀρθρινῇ
πτέρυγι φροῦδον ὄναρ.
Οἷον ἂν, βίου νωθρὸν ἀνὰ ῥόον,
φάος ἔτ' οὐ φθεγέθοι.

F. W. N.

XVI.

WHENE'ER I SEE THOSE SMILING EYES.

Whene'er I see those smiling eyes,
So full of hope, and joy, and light,
As if no cloud could ever rise,
To dim a heaven so pure and bright;
I sigh to think how soon that brow
In grief may lose its every ray,
And that light heart, so joyous now,
Almost forget it once was gay.

XVI.

WHENE'ER I SEE THOSE SMILING EYES.

O quoties istos mihi cernere detur ocellos,
Qui spe, lœtitia, nec minus igne, micant,
Nulla quasi surgat tristi caligine nubes,
Aut liceat tenebris lumina pura premi;
Illachrymor meditans, radios frons ista serenos
Quam cito deponat victa dolore suos,
Idque ita nunc mira captum dulcedine pectus
Lœtitia quondam vix meminisse frui.

For time will come with all its blights,
The ruin'd hope, the friend unkind,
And love, that leaves, where'er it lights,
A chill'd, or burning, heart behind:
While youth, that now like snow appears,
Ere sullied by the darkening rain,
When once 'tis touch'd by sorrow's tears,
Will never shine so bright again.

Tempus enim veniet quum fors vexabit iniqua,
Quum spes vana cadet, durus amicus erit;
Quum malesanus amor, quocunque incenditur, æstu
Cor rapit adstrictum, vel glaciale facit:
Quum juvenile decus, nivei nunc velleris instar,
Tinxerit ante nigris quam gravis imber aquis,
Jam semel imbutum fletu stillante doloris,
Non ita florebit postea luce nitens.

XVII.

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS, &c.

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy gifts fading away,
Thou would'st still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

XVII.

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS, &c.

Crede mihi, si forma tibi, si gratia vultus,
Quas intuens inhæreo,
Deficerent, fugerentque manus cupientis, ut olim
Faeridum munuscula,
Ut nunc cara tamen nimis ah! dilecta maneres,
Utcunque decedat nitor,
Nec secus atque hederæ, mea te complexa, sequaces
Te vota, te solam petent.

It is not while beauty and youth are thy own,
And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear;
No—the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd, when he rose.

Non quum molle decus referat floremque
juventæ
Illæsa mala lachrymis,
Certa fides animi, et verus dignoscitur ardor,
Cui tu senesces carior.
Qui bene amat, nescit mutari, et semper amabit
Ad usque vitæ terminos,
Ut solem, quo flos orientem aspexit, eodem
Vultu cadentem respicit.

C. W.

XVIII.

"OH! ARRANMORE, LOVED ARRANMORE."

Oh! Arranmore, loved Arranmore,
How oft I dream of thee,
And of those days when, by that shore,
I wander'd young and free;
Full many a path I've tried, since then,
Through pleasure's flowery maze,
But ne'er could find the bliss again
I felt in those sweet days.

How blithe upon thy breezy cliffs
At sunny noon I've stood,
With heart as bounding as the skiffs
That danc'd along thy flood;

XVIII.

"OH! ARRANMORE, LOVED ARRANMORE."

Cara mihi tellus! quoties tua dulcis imago
Injussa ante ocnlos itque reditque meos!
Hora juventutis quoties secura recurrit,
Ibam ubi quo vellem per tua saxa vagus.
Ah! procul inde abii per si quas blanda voluptas
Floribus ornaret deliciisque vias:
At mihi nulla ætas, nullus mihi reddidit hortus
Gaudia, ter felix quæ tulit ille dies.

Lœtior aeriis quoties de rupibus istis
Æquora despexi sole corusca novo!
Prosiluere leves freta per spumantia cymbæ,
Et sensi saltu cor trepidare pari.

Or, when the western wave grew bright
With daylight's parting wing,
Have sought that Eden in its light,
Which dreaming poets sing;—[a]

That Eden, where th' immortal brave
Dwell in a land serene;
Whose bowers, beyond the shining wave,
At sunset, oft are seen.
Ah! dream too full of sadd'ning truth!
Those mansions o'er the main
Are like the hopes I built in youth,—
As sunny and as vain!

---

a The Inhabitants of Arranmore are still persuaded that, on a clear day, they can see from this coast Hy Brysail, or the Enchanted Island, the Paradise of the Pagan Irish, and concerning which they relate a number of romantic stories. *Beaufort's Ancient Topography of Ireland.*

Quumque, alias rutilis pennis abiturus in oras,
Purpureum stravit per mare vesper iter;
Elysios illâ quoties in luce recessus
Expetii, vatum quos cecinere lyræ!—

Illic, ut perhibent, cingit divinior æther
Heroum sedes, et sine nube polus.
Inde etiam tranquilla procul super æquora surgens
Plurima sub sero lumine sylva viret:
Eheu! vera nimis jucunda ea fabula vatum!
Hesperiæ neque enim nil docuere domus.
Spes veluti, juvenis quas struxi credulus olim,
Sic ea regna etiam splendor inanis erant.

J. E. Wh.

XIX.

"WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE, &c.

When he, who adores thee, has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrows behind;
Oh! say wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resign'd?
Yes—weep, and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee.

XIX.

"WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE, &c."

Quum præter culpæ titulos fatique dolendi
Nil tibi legarit jam benefidus amans,
Tune dabis lachrymas, quum vitam probra notabunt
Pro te devotam proque salute tua?
Ah! sis flere memor: quamvis maledixerit hostis,
Delebunt lachrymæ tristia dicta tuæ:
Hostis enim damnare potest, et sidera testor,
Unum in te scelus est inviolata fides.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
Every thought of my reason was thine;
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine.
Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give,
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

Sæpe tui juvenem me spes illusit amantem,
Et quicquid potui volvere mente, tuum;
Quumque Deo pendam supplex prece vota suprema
Una tuum nomen vox feret, una meum.
Felix ille procus, comites ter terque beati,
Queis decoris vestri rideat alma dies;
Carus at hic cælo, vix illis sorte secundus,
Qui potuit pro te sic voluitque mori.

W. M. G.

XX.

"THE HARP, THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS."

The harp that once thro' Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er;
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

XX.

THE HARP, THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS.

Taricis quondam lyra quæ profudit
Atriis animam Camensæ,
Tarico nunc pariete muta pendet,
Illa tanquam anima fugata.
Sic ferox virtus periit priorum,
Gloriœque tremor quiescit;
Corda enim, quae laus quatiebat olim,
Nunc sopore jacent sepulta.

No more to chiefs or ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells:
Thus freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To shew that still she lives.

Regulis non jam lyra fœminisque
Splendidis sonat illa Taræ;
Rumpitur sed nocte fidis subinde,
Prodens una suas ruinas.
Sic item vitale salit fugato
Libertas revoluta somno,
Si quis indignans jecur rupit,
Illam vivere adhuc revelans.

XXII.

"THE YOUNG MAY MOON."

The young May moon is beaming, love,
The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love,
How sweet to rove
Through Morna's grove,
When the drowsy world is dreaming, love!
Then awake!—the heavens look bright, my dear,
'Tis never too late for delight, my dear;
And the best of all ways
To lengthen our days,
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear.

XXII.

"THE YOUNG MAY MOON."

Ἰδε πῶς φλέγει θερείας
Νεόφέγγες ὄμμα μήνης,
Στίλβει δέ σοι, φιλίστη,
Λαμπούριδος σέλασμα·
Ὡς ἡδύ τοι πλανᾶσθαι
Μόρνης φίλον κατ' ἄλσος,
Βροτοὺς ἓως ὑπνώδεις
Κατισχάνουσ' ὄνειροι.
Ἄγε δῆτ' ἔγρου, φιλίστη,
Ἴδε πῶς λέλαμπεν ἀιθήρ·
Τῆς τερψέως τὶς ὥρα
Τὶς δή ποθ' ὑστερίζει;
Εἰ δ' ἐκτενεῖν μάλιστα
Τὰς ἡμέρας ποθοῦμεν,
Κλέπτειν μίνυνθα νυκτὸς
Ἄριστον οὐκ ἔοικε;

Now all the world is sleeping, love,
But the Sage, his star-watch keeping, love,
And I, whose star,
More glorious far,
Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.
Then awake!—'till rise of sun, my dear,
The Sage's glass we'll shun, my dear,
Or, in watching the flight
Of bodies of light,
He might happen to take thee for one, my dear.

Νῦν δαρθάνουσ' ἅπαντες,
Εἰ μή τις ἀστολέσχης
Λαμπτῆρας οὐρανούχους
Ἐγερτὶ τηλόσ' ἀθρεῖ·
Ἐμοὶ δὲ μὴν πέφανεν
Ἀγλαώτερος μάλ' ἀστήρ,
Θυρίδος γ' ὅτ' ἐκ κρυφαίας
Παρέκυψεν ὄμμα νύμφης.
Ἄγε δῆτ' ἔγρου, φιλίστη,
Ὑαλον πολύσκοπον δὲ
Μέχρις ἠλιός γε τέλλῃ
Φεύγωμεν ἀστρολέσχου·
Μὴ κεῖνος, οὐρανοῦ πως
Εἰδωλ' ἀθρῶν φαεινά,
Τῶν λαμπάδων τοιούτων
Σέ καὶ μίαν νομίζῃ.

A. H.

XXIII.

"WREATH THE BOWL."

Wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds Heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.
Should Love amid
The wreaths be hid,
That Joy, th' enchanter, brings us,
No danger fear,
While wine is near,
We'll drown him if he stings us.

XXIII.

"WREATH THE BOWL."

Ε'νôι· κύπελλα ψυχῆς
Στέφωμεν ἀνθέμοισιν,
Ὅσα φαιδιμώτατ' ἀεὶ
Ἡ μουσικὴ πάρεσχεν·
Ακμη γαρ ηδε νυκτος
Στυγερὸν λιποῦσιν οὖδας
Πρὸς οὐρανὸν πέτασθαι.
Κὰν στεμμάτων ἔσωθεν
Ἁ Χαρμονὴ δίδωσι,
Μαγωτάτη Θεῶν τις,
Ἔρως λάθῃ κρυφαῖος,
Τί δὴ χρεὼν φοβεῖσθαι;
Οἶνόν νιν ἐις ἄκρατον
Ἐμβάψομεν δάκνοντα.

'Twas nectar fed
Of old, 'tis said,
Their Junos, Joves, Apollos;
And man may brew
His nectar too,
The rich receipt's as follows:
Take wine like this,
Let looks of bliss
Around it well be blended,
Then bring Wit's beam
To warm the stream,
And there's your nectar splendid!

Say, why did Time
His glass sublime
Fill up with sands unsightly,
When wine, he knew
Runs brisker through,
And sparkles far more brightly?

Πάλαι λέγουσιν Ἥρην
Φοῖβόν τε καὶ Δί' αὐτον
Πιεῖν ἀμυστὶ νέκταρ·
Καὶ νέκταρ αὖ βροτοῖσι
Κιρνάν ὁμοῦ πάρεστι·
Τοιοῖσδέ που μέλιφρον
Συμμίσγεται τὸ πῶμα·
Λάβετ' οἶνον ὡς τοιοῦτον,
Κεράσασθε δ' εὖ μάλ' ἀυτῷ
Ἐρωτικόν τι βλέμμα·
Κρητῆρα δ' ἢν ἰαίνῃ
Τῆς μουσικῆς ἄωτος,
Ἰδοῦ· τὸ νέκταρ οἷον.

Τὶ δὴ χρόνος πεπονθὼς
Ἐς κλεψύδραν θέορτον
Ψαμάθους ἔχευσ' ἀπεχθεῖς.
Οἶνον γὰρ οὖν σάφ' ἤδει
Ἱλαρώτερον διάῤῥουν,
Βλύειν τε κἀμαρύσσειν
Ὑπερτέραισιν αὐγαῖς.

Oh! lend it us,
And, smiling thus,
The glass in two we'll sever;
Make pleasure glide
In double tide,
And fill both ends for ever!

Εἰ' γὰρ γελῶσιν ἡμῖν
Δέπας γέρων παράσχοι,
Τάχα γὰρ διασχίσαντες
Τῆς ἡδονῆς γε δίπλουν
Προχέσιμεν ἂν τὸ ῥεῖθρον,
Ἄμφω δ' ὁμοῦ κύπελλα
Πλήσαιμεν ὧδ' ἐς ἀεί.

A. H.

XXIV.

"SONG OF INNISFAIL."

They came from a land beyond the sea;
And now, o'er the western main,
Set sail, in their good ships, gallantly,
From the sunny land of Spain.
"Oh! where's the Isle we've seen in dreams,
Our destined home or grave?"[a]
Thus sung they as, by the morning's beams,
They swept th' Atlantic wave.

And lo! where afar o'er ocean shines
A sparkle of radiant green,
As though in that deep lay emerald mines,
Whose light through the wave was seen.
"'Tis Innisfail—'tis Innisfail!"
Rings o'er the echoing sea,
While bending to Heaven, the warriors hail
That home of the brave and free.

XXIV.

"SONG OF INNISFAIL."

Natale regnum trans mare liquerant;
Interque fluctus Hesperios dabant,
Terris Iberorum relictis,
Vela suis valide carinis.
Et "visa somno quo fugit Insula,
Sepulchra nobis vel statuens domum?"
Dixere, dum, Eoos ad ortus,
Æquor Atlantiacum secabant.

Supraque pontum qua procul emicat
Imago vernans lumine fulgido,
Splendore non raro per undas
Congeries veluti smaragdi;
Auditur "Innisfala!" iterata vox
Late per immensum Oceani fretum,
Salveque gens! clamant cohortes,
Dura virum sua jura servans!

Then turn'd they unto the Eastern wave,
Where now their Day-God's eye
A look of such sunny omen gave
As lighted up sea and sky.
Nor frown was seen through sky or sea,
Nor tear o'er leaf or sod,
When first on their Isle of Destiny[b]
Our great forefathers trod.

---

a "Milesius remembered the remarkable prediction of the principal Druid, who foretold that the posterity of Gadelus should obtain the possession of a Western Island (which was Ireland), and there inhabit." *Keating.*

b The Island of Destiny, one of the ancient names of Ireland.

Et nunc Eoas aspiciunt plagas,
Qua Solis ortus tramite lucido
Et marmo illustrant et œthram,
Omine conspicui secundo.
Nec umbra pontum nec nebulœ polum
Texere, nec fons irruit imbrium,
Quum prima Fatorum potentes
Insula avos atavosque cepit.

XXV.

"SHE SUNG OF LOVE."

She sung of love, while o'er her lyre
The rosy rays of evening fell,
As if to feed with that soft fire
The soul within that trembling shell.
The same rich light hung o'er her cheek,
And played around those lips that sung
And spoke, as flowers would sing and speak
If Love could lend their leaves a tongue.

But soon the West no longer burn'd,
Each rosy ray from heaven withdrew;
And when to gaze again I turn'd,
The minstrel's form seem'd fading too.
As if *her* light and heaven's were one,
The glory all had left that frame;
And from her glimmering lips the tone,
As from a parting spirit came.

XXV.

"SHE SUNG OF LOVE."

Vespere dum tenerum virgo cantabat amorem,
Incidit in resonam lux rubicunda lyram:
Scilicet harmoniæ genium flamma ista fovebat
Quo plenæ faciles contremuere fides.
Lux eadem vultum micuit perfusa rubentem,
Labraque, facundum quæ cecinere melos.
Ah! quam suave melos! flores ceu dulce susurrant,
Quos donat propria voce benignus amor.

Mox tamen Hesperiis rubor ille expalluit oris,
Et periit denso lux ea lapsa polo.
Tristis respexi modo qua splendebat imago
Virginis, at visa est illa perire simul.
Nam velut hæc radiis queis cælum fulserat iisdem,
Pallida divinus fugerat ora color:
Funestum murmur titubantia labra ciebant,
Quale anima in tenebras mox abitura ciet.

Who ever loved, but had the thought
That he and all he loved must part?
Fill'd with this fear, I flew and caught
The fading image to my heart—
And cried, "Oh Love! is this thy doom?
Oh light of youth's resplendent day!
Must ye then lose your golden bloom,
And thus, like sunshine, die away?"

Gaudia, dic, ecquis cœlestia sentit amoris,
Omnia nec fatis diripienda timet?
Territus excepi solventem ad pectora formam,
Et gremio amplexus terque quaterque meo:
Tum miser ingemui, "Tene o lux alma juventæ!
Tene, O dulcis amor! talia fata manent?
Eheu! vosne etiam flos aureus iste relinquet
Solis et occidui more moodoque cadet?

J. E. Wh.

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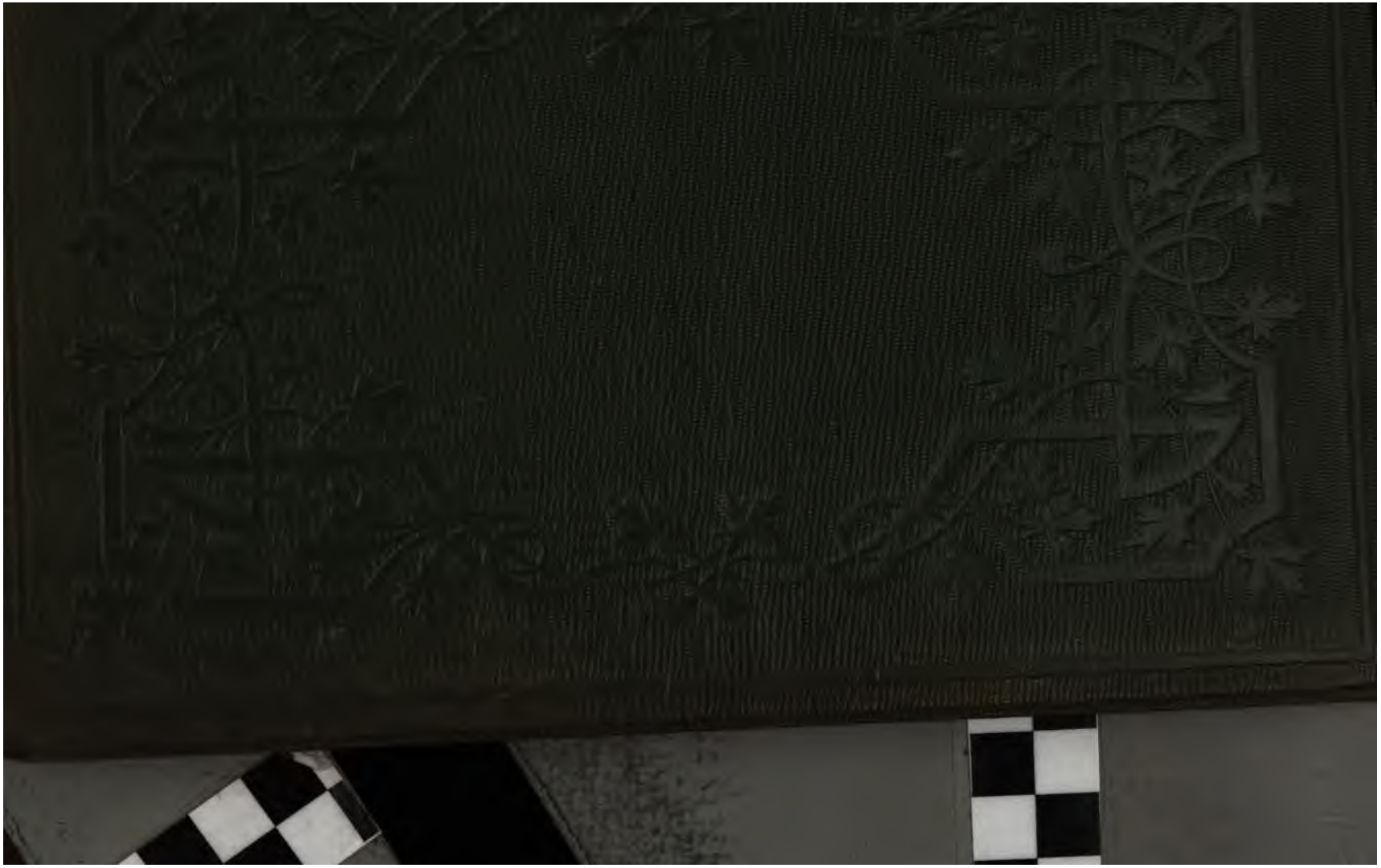
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